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MR. WRANGHAM'S VERSION OF THE PSALMS.

A new version of the Psalms has been lately published by a young gentleman of the name of Wrangham. Old associations are so much in favour of established versions as to render this a dangerous undertaking, but in general Mr. Wrangham has succeeded admirably. Our room and attention are at present occupied too much with politics to enable us to do the work justice by our criticism, but we extract as a specimen of Mr. Wrangham's powers the beautiful 137th Psalm—*By the waters of Babylon.*

Where Babel's streams their course pursue,

We sate, and tears of anguish shed,

As mem'ry placed before our view

Those joys which had for ever fled ;

And o'er our breasts, O Zion, rose

The sad remembrance of thy woes.

Our harps, neglected and unstrung,

Which once to sounds of joy gave birth,

Upon the drooping willows hung,

Whilst those who spoil'd us ask'd for mirth ;

And tyrants, with insulting tongues,

Cried, " Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How shall we in a heathen land

Rehearse in songs Jehovah's fame ?

Ere I forget thee, this right hand

Shall wither, O Jerusalem !

My tongue shall ever silent prove,

If aught like thee my heart can move.

Remember, Lord, that dreadful hour,

When Zion was in ruins laid ;

And forth Thine indignation pour

On Edom's sons, who proudly said,

" Let desolation spread around ;

Raze, raze her city to the ground !"

Thou, Babylon, in dust shalt lie,

And great his happiness shall be,

Who sees Jehovah from on high

In vengeance heap our wrongs on thee ;

Who, deaf to all thy children's groans

Shall dash them lifeless on the stones.

///

London

Louthey. 1799.

P O E M S:

BY

FRANCIS WRANGHAM, M. A.

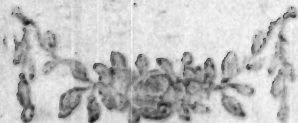


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1795.



Taylor fund
BY

FRANCIS WRANGHAM, M.A.



102

Sz questa materia non è degna
Per esser piu leggieri,
D'un huom che voglia parer saggio e grave,
Scusatelo con questo; che s'ingegna
Con questi van pensieri
Fare il suo tristo tempo piu suave:
Perchè altrove non ave
Dove voltare il viso;
Che gli è stato interciso
Mostrar con altre imprese altra virtù.

MACHIAV. Mandrag. Proh.

IMITATED.

*On these light strains should rigid Wisdom frown,
And scorn a page not lustrous as her own;
Ab! let her think the Muse with toys like these
Sooth'd cheated care, and taught dull life to please:
Think that the Bard, by fortune's hand confin'd,
Play'd in a narrow circle of the mind;
Ran all the course assign'd his powers by fate,
And seiz'd the little—when denied the great,*

C. S.

Ma questa materia non è degna
 Per esser più leggiera,
 Dunque che voglia parer leggiero e grave,
 Scelto con questo; che s'ingegner
 Con questi van pensieri
 Fare il suo tempo più breve;
 Perché alrove non ave
 Dove volare il viso;
 Che gli è stato inteso
 Mostra con altri impieghi altri vizi.
 MACHIAV. Mandrag. Prolog.

IMITATED.

On a deep light, I think I see
 A shadowy page not light as you seem;
 And I do think the thing is not light
 But a shadowy page, and I think it is to be
 That the dark, by the light, is not light
 But a shadowy page, and I think it is to be
 That the dark, by the light, is not light
 But a shadowy page, and I think it is to be

ADVERTISEMENT.

WITH regard to the following collection of Poems, I have little to premise. The greatest part of it was printed in the latter end of the year 1795, on which account that date was adopted in the title-page; but other and, as it is trusted, better employments suspended its publication. The first poem, entitled "The Restoration of the Jews," obtained the SEATON prize in the University of Cambridge in 1794: the next, "The Destruction of Babylon," was an unsuccessful candidate for it in the ensuing year.

For all the compositions, which have no name attached to them, I am solely responsible; excepting the two translations, stated to be by *Friends*—the first of an English Ode into Latin Elegiacs, p. 71. by G. CALDWELL, M. A. the other of some Latin Hendecasyllables into English Heroics, p. 79. (with three stanzas subjoined in a note p. 83.) by S. T. COLERIDGE; both of *Jesus College, Cambridge*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Rev. Dr. SYMMONS I am indebted for an elegant version of the general Motto, as well as for many valuable corrections which pervade and improve the whole work.

Dr. PARR, who is perhaps still more valuable for his benevolence than for his learning, has likewise claims of a similar nature upon my most grateful acknowledgments.

Some of the smaller pieces carry, I fear, but too strong evidence in themselves that they were the effusions of early life, written singly with a view to the expression of feelings then present ;

E certo ogni mio studio in quel temp'era

Pur di sfogare il doloroso core

In qualche modo, non d'acquistar fama :

Feelings, which have at one time or other found admission into every youthful bosom, except such as were closed against them by less venial propensities.

The chasm between pp. 56. and 65. occasioned by cancelling half a sheet of the work, after a great part of the remainder had been submitted to the press, is in no respect imputable to the printer or binder of the volume.

PREFACE.

"**D**RYDEN obtained, whatever was the reason, no fellowship in the college. Why he was excluded cannot now be known, and it is vain to guess; had he thought himself injured, he knew how to complain." (JOHNSON'S *Life of Dryden*.)

The consciousness of having deserved exclusion, to which JOHNSON here seems to attribute *Dryden's* silence, some uncandid inquirer might perhaps infer from mine: As a protest therefore against this inference, and from respect to the opinion of some valuable friends*, I have

* One of those friends observed, with his characteristical zeal and energy: "Sir, it is a subject, upon which you must not keep a semipiternal silence; but do not be precipitate in the publication. *Pour out your mind, while it is in fusion; and polish, when it is cool.*" Who, in this fervid sentence, does not recognize the illustrious Author of the Preface to *Tracts* by *WARBURTON* and a *WARBURTONIAN*?

PREFACE.

drawn up the following short account of my academical life; and if I should seem occasionally to adopt in it the language of self-commendation,

Ben che stia mal che l'uom se stesso lodi,

Orl. Fur.

the peculiar circumstances of my situation will, I trust, supersede the necessity of any other apology*.

In October 1785 I was admitted of Magdalen College, Cambridge; and in October 1786 I began to reside. How I conducted myself, while I remained a member of that society, the subjoined certificate† (procured after an interval of six years) will sufficiently shew. In July 1787

* Mr. BOYLE is pleased somewhere to send me to *Hermogenes'* chapter *περί τῆ ἀνταρχῆς ἑαυτοῦ στασιμῶς*, *How a man may commend himself without envy or fulsome ness*; and I find there that one may safely do it, when detraction and calumny make it necessary." (BENTLEY, *Diff. on Phalaris.*)

(COPY.)

† To all persons, whom it may concern.

This is to certify that, during the whole time that Mr. WRANGHAM remained a member of Magdalen College, I never knew any

PREFACE.

I obtained Sir WILLIAM BROWNE's gold medal for the *Greek* and *Latin* Epigrams*. In the *October* following, upon the suggestion, to use no stronger term, of Dr. JOWETT (Locum-tenens, Senior Fellow and Tutor of *Trinity-Hall*) and through the concurrent advice of Messrs. FARISH and JOWETT, Tutors of *Magdalen*, I migrated from the latter to the former college: where, it was represented to me, my success would be no less certain; in point of time probably not farther distant; and, with respect to emolument, undoubtedly much more desirable. Almost immediately afterwards, I was elected *scholaris de minori formâ*: one or two young men of prior admission kindly waving their superior claims, that I might be the sooner qualified to succeed to a Fellowship thing of him, in any respect, but what I had every reason greatly to admire and to commend.

(Signed) P. PECKARD,
Master of *Magdalen College*.

This certificate, with a similar one signed by the resident fellows (Messrs. KERRICH, FARISH and BUCK, then respectively President, Tutor and Dean of *Magdalen*) was submitted, previously to my rejection, to the consideration of the Fellows of *Trinity-Hall*.

* Inserted in the following Collection, p. 69.

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in case of an early vacancy*. In January 1790†, upon taking my Bachelor's Degree, I obtained the third

* *Ordinamus et statuimus quod quam citius fieri commodè poterit sint seu eligantur duo vel tres scholares, &c. quos etiam SCHOLARES DE MINORI FORMA volumus nuncupari. Insuper statuimus et ordinamus quod dicti SCHOLARES DE MINORI FORMA, in omni electione sociorum novorum futuris temporibus faciendâ (præsuppositâ eorum ad hoc Idoneitate et Sufficienciâ, juxta statutorum vestrorum exigentiam) OMNIBUS ALIIS PRÆFERANTUR.*

(Extr. from Trinity-Hall statutes.)

These scholarships, it is elsewhere enjoined, are to be held three years—as a necessary preliminary to a Fellowship.

The presupposed IDONEITY seems only intended to exclude the illiterate and the immoral; for the academical amplification of the term, in presenting to degrees, &c. is as follows: “Præsentò vobis hunc virum, quem scio tam moribus quam ingenio (or scientiâ) esse IDONEUM,” &c.

+ That the interval, between October 1787 and January 1790, (exclusive of a few trivial interruptions from idleness, or misdirected industry) was not very ill employed, my degree will perhaps best declare. Some circumstances however, which occurred within that period, I feel it incumbent upon me to state more fully, of our studies

I. Of the Tripos of 1788, written at the request of the Rev. F. J. H. WOLLASTON (then Junior Tutor of Trinity-Hall, and Moderator; since Rector of South-Wold, Essex, and Jacksonian Professor) I am sincerely ashamed: It was a boyish composition; but it was composed by a boy. Having been informed however that Mr. W. had frequently since its appearance, professed an entire ig-

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Wranglership and the second Mathematical Prize; and, a few weeks afterwards, the first Classical Medal. In July 1791 I became private Tutor to Lord FREDERICK MONTAGU, and remained with him until he joined his regiment. During this period I had the offer of going abroad, as Travelling Tutor, with a considerable sala-

norance of its nature and purport (though he must be conscious that he saw it in every stage of its progress, and spoke of it *prior* to its appearance in terms of high approbation) I wrote to him upon the subject; and, in his answer, he seems reluctantly to confess that he "cannot disclaim all knowledge of the publication."

II. With respect to the many anonymous Epigrams erroneously imputed to me, it would indeed be idle to offer any apology. Who, that knew my fate to be dependent upon the nod of Dr. JOWETT, could suppose I would incur the risque of being detected as the author e. g. of the following Epigram?

THIS *little* garden *little* JOWETT made,
And fenc'd it with a *little* palisade:
A *little* taste hath *little* Doctor JOWETT;
This *little* garden doth a *little* shew it.

Or of its translation?

Exiguus hunc hortum fecit JOWETTULUS iste
Exiguus, vallo et muniit *exiguo*:
Exiguo hoc horto forsan JOWETTULUS iste
Exiguus mentem prodidit *exiguam*.

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ry* ; which, from a view to my reasonable college-expectations, I declined. Towards the close of the ensuing year I returned to *Trinity-Hall*, and a few months afterwards offered myself as a candidate for the appointments of Fellow and Tutor then become vacant by Mr. WOLLASTON'S marriage. But my hopes, however obviously well-founded, were disappointed ; a Mr. VICKERS, Fellow of *Queen's* (of which society Dr. MILNER, an intimate friend of Dr. JOWETT, is master) being elected, though at that time holding preferment to an amount expressly disqualifying

* The following is an extract from the Letter, in which the offer was made :

“ His passion is ‘ TO TRAVEL.’ *Where*, he cares not ; if to *Germany*, well ; if to *Russia*, better ; if to *Greece* and *Constantinople*, best of all.

Would the idea of going wherever you pleased, for a year, accompanied by a pleasant young man who would think himself honoured by receiving your directions as to his course, with every convenience of travelling as to carriage, servants, &c. all expences borne, and a present of four hundred guineas for the twelve months' trouble, tempt you to set out with this nephew of mine in *March* on a roving plan ?”

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him for the situation. This circumstance however inspiring, he resigned his living ; and was re-elected.

Upon consulting the College-statutes however it appeared to me that, even stripped of his preferment, Mr. VICKERS when opposed to a Scholar of *Trinity-Hall** was still ineligible ; and that independently of my invitation in the first instance, and of my literary and moral pretensions in the second, I had a *statutable* right to the appointments in question. With this view of the transaction I appealed to the Lord Chancellor (LOUGHBOUGH) who, after some hesitation on the subject of his competency with regard to jurisdiction, assumed the visitorship ; and—dismissed the petition.

Thus was I virtually exiled† from an University, to which I had certainly done no discredit ; my academical

* Vid. Not. 5.

† I may now say however with *Milton* :

Si sit hoc exilium patriæ aditæ penates,

Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi ;

Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemur recuso,

Latus et exilii condicione fruor.

(EL. 1.)

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prospects wholly blasted, and the regular avenues to professional emolument and dignity obstructed—apparently for ever.

“ There are many accidents however (saith Bishop TAYLOR) which are esteemed great calamities, and yet we have reason enough to bear them well and unconcernedly: for they neither hurt our bodies nor our souls; our health and our virtue remain entire; our life and our reputation. It may be I am slighted, or I have received ill language; but my head aches not for it, neither hath it broken my thigh, nor taken away my virtue—unless I lose my charity or my patience.”

Holy Living, II. 6.

Of these, I trust, I have never lost either: if this statement be in any respect erroneous, I am ready to retract; as, if it be in every respect accurate, I am willing to forgive.

ERRATA.

Page 15. l. 11. *for* informs, *read* instructs.

— 37. — 37. *read*

And call'd her CYRUS to unsheath his blade.

THE
RESTORATION
OF THE

J E W S.

THE SECOND EDITION.

— *Nec numina sedem*
Destituunt. —

CLAUD. Bell. Get. 508.

THE

RESTORATION

OF THE

J. E. W. A.

THE SECOND EDITION

By the same author

CLARK, Ed. Clark, W. Clark

TO

BASIL MONTAGU, ESQUIRE,

A TRUE FRIEND

(FOR HE HAS BEEN TRIED IN ADVERSITY)

AND

AN HONEST MAN;

THE FOLLOWING POETICAL ATTEMPT

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH SENTIMENTS

OF THE

MOST SINCERE GRATITUDE

AND

RESPECT,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation:—History of the JEWS from the *Exodus*, under MOSES;—
—and JOSHUA:—Their general depravation—followed by the
Babylonish;—and the Crucifixion,—by the *Roman* Invasion:—
Their sufferings during,—and after the siege of *Jerusalem* (by
TITUS);—and present condition.—Their fate different from that
of *Egypt*,—*Babylon*,—*Tyre*,—and the four successive Monarchies—
Assyrian, *Persian*, *Greek*, and *Roman*.—The question examined—
whether the prophecies, relating to their RESTORATION, are to
be figuratively,—or literally understood;—and reasons assigned for
adopting the strict interpretation.—Their return:—The distinc-
tion of tribes superseded by the coming of the MESSIAH.—
Conclusion.

THE
RESTORATION
OF THE
J E W S.

To that great day—when, link'd in holy bond
Fraternal, *Idumæa's* favour'd tribes
Their *Salem* shall revisit; from the dust
In prouder state to rear the fallen dome,
And bid th' aspiring pinnacle o'ertop
Its antient elevation—I attune
Th' ambitious string. Thou, MOSES (as of yore
Through *Egypt's* parting waves with heaven-lent power
Thou bor'st the chosen multitude, what time
His cumber'd wheel along the faithless track
BŪSIRIS urg'd; while round his troubled host,

Scath'd by JEHOVAH's terror-flashing eye,
The watery ruin roar'd) Thyself a bard,
Inspire the Muse; that with prophetic strain
Would hail their second Exodus, and wake
For future years the high triumphant song.

Fain would the Poet tell, what oft his ear
Has caught with rapture, how by Thee convey'd
Twice twenty summers they their long array
Wound through the intricate and perilous path;
When with impendent pillar, 'mid the wild
Unbroken solitudes, the daily cloud
And flame nocturnal mark'd th' uncertain way
Alternate: Gushing from the riven flint,
In lavish pride, how new-born torrents pour'd
Their liquid health; and, by circumfluous night
Shrouded from glance profane, th' ALMIGHTY trac'd
With his own finger on the two-leav'd stone
His double law: Upon its LORD's descent

How th' empyrean bow'd, and 'neath his feet
 Spread darkness: while the consecrated hill,
 Guarded by death, even to its rocky base
 Shook with strange weight; and lurid lightnings, hurl'd
 In awful splendour through the deep obscure,
 Announc'd a present Deity: How vain
 This prodigal magnificence of Heaven;
 Its record soon by novelty's young hand
 Ras'd from man's careless heart: How two alone
 Surviv'd the lingering maze; and Thou, even Thou,
 As burst the glorious vision on thy view
 Of ISRAEL's destin'd heritage, wert doom'd
 To sleep within an undiscover'd tomb;
 Though six-score winters fail'd to chill thy blood,
 And quench thy beaming eye:—O'er all this field,
 Sown with bright miracles, the verse would range;
 If verse were equal to the dazzling toil.

Keen was the sword, and more than mortal proof,
That JOSHUA wielded when from their huge cliffs
He swept the *Anahim*: The Sun stood still,
His punctual course remitting in mid sky;
And night's pale Sovereign check'd her rapid orb,
To aid the mighty task. Before him sunk
Devoted *Canaan*, with unhallow'd gore
Moistening the ground: Not infancy its years,
Nor kings their purple rescued; undiscern'd,
Amid the common carnage, they expir'd
By hostile hands—unfung, unwept, unknown.

As some tall vine, whose blushing fruitage glows
Beneath the lustre of the noon-tide ray,
Long ISRAEL flourish'd; 'till, by gradual shade
Darken'd to deepest crimson, guilt provok'd
Th' OMNIPOTENT's accumulated ire,
And urg'd his bolt. Upon the double throne
Sat rash Rebellion, ever prompt to burst

From duty's guidance : *Sion's* dames were fair,
 But frail as fair ; such, *ALBION*, thine (if thine
 Rightly the bard hath noted) mirror-taught
 To roll th' obedient eye, and court the glance
 Of staggering triflers, or with zoneless waist
 Rouse the lascivious fire : There Avarice ground

2 The following Sonnet was written soon after the poem made its first appearance ; and, notwithstanding the terrible denunciation of a friend (viz. " that it might perhaps make my peace with one of " the sex, at the expence of irretrievably offending all the rest") I am unwilling to omit this opportunity of introducing it.

TO MYRA.

WHAT ! Though of *ALBION's* dames the Poet sung
 That, *frail as fair*, with artificial glance
 They roll'd th' obedient eye ; and 'mid the dance
 Guileful upon the staggering trisler hung :
 He then nor knew, fond bard ! the modest grace
 Of *MYRA's* frame ; nor haply then divin'd
 That Nature e'er had link'd so fair a face,
 In bond harmonious, with so pure a mind.

Ah ! Had he still in error persever'd !
 Still cherish'd his mistake ! Now doom'd to pine,
 By viewing in that angel form of thine
 A more than angel's chastity inspher'd,
 Fatal discovery ! from thy bright eyes
 And brighter soul he learns his guilt—and dies.

The face of Indigence; the Slanderer there
 Wove the false tale; and rob'd Devotion paid
 The homage of the lip; intent with prayer
 To mask or hallow crimes. Then GOD's wak'd wrath,
 Gigantic and impatient of delay,
 Sped its vast vengeance from the eastern sky:
 Onward by *Jordan's* stream in mournful line
 The exiles move, with oft-reverted look
 Sadly solicitous once more to view
 Deserted *Salem*; ere her lessening hills
 With dubious image cheat their earnest sight:
 The haughty *Babylonian* stalks around,
 And in proud mockery taunts the patriot tear.
 But happier They, who on the bending tree
 Hung 'mid the victor's scoffs the silent harp,
 Than Those who stoop'd beneath the arm of *Rome*!
 When seventy suns had fill'd their annual course,
Chaldaea's vassals saw the righteous shrine

Flame with its wonted incense : On their sons,
Mark'd out for heavier woe, more fiercely rose
The *Flavian* Star, and glar'd with redder fires.

Oh ! Might the Muse attempt the lofty theme
Of Glory's KING on *Calvary* for man
Offering Himself (nor less than He could make
Th' accepted sacrifice) while Nature mourn'd
The monstrous guilt ; and Earth in wild alarm

Receiv'd within her agitated breast
Its transient Inmate !—Hopeless with ! Dismay'd
From the bold flight she turns, nor dares advance
Her pinion to the sun : Else would she sing
Th' offence, with all the sorrows which ensued ;

Sorrows so merited, that even the Youth
Of proverb'd 3 mercy steel'd his gentle breast.

3 **TITUS**, for his humanity denominated *Deliciae humani generis*.
SUET. in *Tit. i.*

Swift as the eagle, 4 minister of Heaven,
 He comes; with meagre Famine 5 in his train,
 And fire-rob'd Desolation. Faint and pale,
 In his poor boy th' unnatural father sheaths
 His frantic blade: And, deed of sadder note!
 She, whose proud foot disdain'd the vulgar ground, 6
 Grasping her infant (with far other joy

4 The circumstantial agreement of the *Mosaic* prophecies (particularly Deut. xxviii. 49, 57.) with the events, as detailed by JOSEPHUS in his narrative of the sufferings sustained by the Jews during the siege, has not escaped the observation of Bishop NEWTON; who remarks, in his *Dissertations on the Prophecies*, vol. i. p. 102, &c. that, though a great part of those predictions was accomplished at the time of the *Babylonish* captivity, they were all more amply fulfilled under the *Roman* invasion. Of the famine indeed of the latter period, the *Jewish* Historian has left us a very dreadful account; and, from its exact concurrence with prophecy, we know to how much faith it is entitled.

5 Γυναῖκες γυν ἀνδρῶν, καὶ παῖδες πατέρων, καὶ (το οὐκ ἐλάττω) μητέρες νεώτων ἐξήραζον ἐξ αὐτῶν τῶν σωματῶν τὰς τροφάς. JOSEPH. Bell. Jud. v. 10. 3. Τῶν δ' ὑπὸ τῇ λιμῇ φθειρομένων κατὰ τὴν πόλιν ἀπειρὸν μὲν ἐπὶ τὸ πλῆθος. vi. 3. 3.

6 Deut. xxviii. 56, 57. — Διὰ γένος καὶ πλῆτον ἐπισσημός — σπένδουσα, τὸ μὲν ἡμῖν καθοδισί· τὸ δὲ λοιπὸν κατακαλυψάσα σφυλάττειν. 1d. ib. vi. 3. 4.

Than other days bestow'd) in its young heart
 Plunges the murderous knife, and glows afresh
 With guilty health. Twice fifty myriads fell—
 Happy⁸ to lose in death the maddening sense
 Of *Hebrew* ignominy ! They nor saw
 The *Latian* spoiler revel on the wealth
 Of their sack'd fane (as from the holy gold
 For his own Deities with curious zeal
 He cull'd the votive gift) nor, 'mid the crash
 Of sinking palaces, with anguish heard
 The shriek of female frenzy : Who surviv'd,

7 Τὸν δὲ ἀπολυμένων κατὰ πᾶσαν τὴν πολιορκίαν (αριθμὸς) μυριάδας ἑκατὸν καὶ δέκα. Id. ib. vi.

This account is confirmed by ZONARAS and JORNANDES, who agree in relating that 1100000 (men, women, and children) perished during the siege by famine, disease, and the sword. *Omnes* (says LIPSIVS in his notes to TACITUS, Hist. V. 13.) *undecies centena millia perisse obsidione illa clarè tradunt, fame, morbo, ferro.*

8 ΑΛΛ' οἱ δὲ πάντες ἐπεθνήσκουσιν, πρὶν τὸν ἔσχατον πᾶσι χερσὶν ἰδίῃ κατασκαπτομένην πολέμῳ, πρὶν τὸν ναὸν τοῦ ἁγίου ὅπως ἀποσπῆσθαι ἐξορμηγυμένον. JOSEPH. vi. 3. 4. and vii. 8. 7.

Doom'd to transmit beneath another sun
 Hereditary servitude, beheld
 In long succession rising to the view
 Unpitied millions destin'd to bewail
 Paternal crime and errors not their own.
 Still as the lucid harbinger of day
 Gives to their anxious eye his courted beam,
 They sigh for evening; with the eve's wan star
 Comes its peculiar sorrow. Numerous still
 As sands, which pillow Ocean's hoary head,
 They thrive by grief and grow beneath the sword.

9 The attachment of the Jews to their country, so pathetically described in the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, is confirmed by TACITUS (Hist. V. 13.)—*ac, si transferre sedes cogerentur, major vitæ metus quam mortis.*

10 Of their present numbers BASNAGE (who has written a history of the Jews, as a supplement and continuation of the history of JOSEPHUS) observes—"that it is impossible indeed to fix it; but that we have reason to believe there are still near 3000000 of people who profess this religion, and (as their phrase is) are witnesses of the unity of God in all the nations of the world."

Past is the fame of *Egypt* : whose pale son
 Erst by the midnight lamp, with learned toil
 Skilful to wind the hieroglyphic maze,
 Por'd on the treasur'd page by double fate ¹¹
 Denied to future times. With prone descent
 Great *Babylon* is fallen ; amid the dust,
 Vainly inquisitive, the traveller pries
 In fruitless search where Syrian *BELUS* rear'd
 His idol form : No human trace around ¹²
 Informs his doubtful step ; no friendly tone

¹¹ The library of *Alexandria* was founded by the first *PTOLEMIES*, and gradually enlarged to 700000 volumes ; 400000 of which were lodged in that quarter of the city called *Bruchion*, and the remaining 300000 within the *Serapeum*. The first part was casually destroyed by fire, when *JULIUS CÆSAR* was making war upon the place ; but restored in number by *ANTONY*'s munificent present, of the *Pergamean* library, to *CLEOPATRA* : the whole were afterwards burnt by the command of *OMAR* the Caliph.

¹² Bishop *NEWTON* proves (vol. i. pp. 174. 177. &c.) by copious extracts from six or seven modern writers of eminence that the present desolate state of *Babylon*, *Egypt*, *Tyre*, &c. fulfils, with a melancholy degree of exactness, the prophecies of the Old Testament relative to their ultimate condition.

Breaks the disastrous silence: At the hiss
 Of serpents haply rustling through the brake,
 As parch'd by tropic fire and wild with thirst
 Their sanguine eye-balls flash, his sinking heart
 Beats with thick fear: Meanwhile the bitter moans
 In hollow-sounding note; and the lone owl,
 Dusky and slow, with inauspicious scream
 Adds horror to the gloom. Beneath the waves
 Old Tyre is whelm'd, and all her revelry:
 Those hosts, who barter'd ISRAEL's sons for gold
 (The Traffickers of blood) no more renew
 Th' abhorred merchandize; no more with glance
 Of keen remark compute the sinew's force,
 Or weigh the muscles of their fellow-man.

13 *Postquam exusta palus terraque ardore dehiscunt,*

Exsilit in siccam; et flammantia lumina torquens

Sævit agris, asperque siti atque exterritus æstu.

VIRO. Georg. III. 432, &c.

Μεσημβρινῆς καλυσίῳσι δὲ θάλασσιν.

ÆSCHYL. Sept. contra Theb. 383.

And thou bethink thee, ALBION, ere too late,
 Queen of the isles and mart of distant worlds,
 That thou like Tyre (with hands as deep in blood,
 Warm from the veins of *Africa*, and wealth
 By arts more vile and darker guilt acquir'd)
 Shalt meet an equal doom. The day will rise,
 If Justice slumber not, when those proud ships—
 The grace at once and bulwark of thy coast,
 That now 'mid baffled tempests range the globe—
 Unequal to a foe so oft engag'd,
 So oft subdued, shall through their yawning sides
 Receive the victor main ; and in th' abyfs
 Thy cliffs shall sink, their chalky tops alone
 Extant above the brine : While, as from far
 Across the wintry waste the seaman views
 The humid net outspread, his piteous heart
 (Piteous, though rugged) sorrows o'er thy fate. ¹⁴

¹⁴ This traffic is however still patronised by the *British* Senate ; and
 its continuance was voted, March 16, 1796, by a majority of—four!!!!

With angry beam the conquerors of mankind,
 Like woe-denouncing comets, blaz'd awhile
 In evanescent glory. He, whose foot
 Trampled upon *Affyria's* subject neck,
 Fled from the *Greek* : To *Rome's* imperious race
Greece bent the suppliant knee : The *Roman* bow'd
 Before the *Goth* : On rude *Germania's* brow
 Shines *CÆSAR's* diadem ; and priests preside

The following lines, by an anonymous writer, upon that event (transcribed from the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, March 19.) possess very considerable merit :

Did then the bold Slave rear at last the sword
 Of vengeance ? Drench'd he deep its thirsty blade
 In the foul bosom of his tyrant Lord ?
 Oh ! Who shall blame him ? Through the midnight shade
 Still on his tortur'd memory rush'd the thought
 Of every past delight—his native grove,
 Friendship's best joys, and liberty, and love :
 All lost—for ever ! Then remembrance wrought
 His soul to madness : 'round his restless bed
 Freedom's pale spectre stalk'd, with a stern smile
 Pointing the wounds of slavery ; the while
 She shook her clanking chains, and hung her head.
 No more he pours to heaven his suppliant breath,
 But sweetens with revenge the draught of death.

Where war's stern child, his limbs in steel encas'd,
Frown'd fierce defiance on th' embattled world.

Nor Thou with sceptic arrogance enquire
Where ISRAEL's relics rest; or how, recall'd
To repossession of their native seat,
His dissipated tribes the glad behest
Shall hear, and how obey: So may'st thou dare
To question GOD's omnipotence, and ask
How wake the dead. The same Almighty WORD,
Which summon'd into being and dissolv'd
The hallow'd polity, in pristine form
(At his appointed time) ¹⁵ shall re-unite

¹⁵ *When the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled (Luke xxi. 24.) or—as St. PAUL expresses it—when the fulness of the Gentiles shall be come in, the fulness of the Jews also shall come in, and all ISRAEL shall be saved (Rom. xi. 12. 25. 26.) that is, says NEWTON, II. 70. when the times of the four great kingdoms of the Gentiles, according to DANIEL's prophecies, shall be expired, and the fifth kingdom (or the kingdom of CHRIST) shall be set up in their place; and the Saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever (Dan. vii. 18.)*

Its scatter'd parts; and, if it so delight
 The great Restorer, rear their long-fallen shrine
 To loftier height : No feebler power may raise
 The ruin'd pile. This hapless JULIAN knew ;

But these prophecies have not yet received their full and entire completion ; our SAVIOUR hath not yet had *the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession* (Psalm xi. 8.) *All the ends of the world have not yet turned unto the LORD* (xxii. 27.) *All people, nations, and languages, have not yet served him* (Dan. vii. 14.) neither are the JEWS yet made *an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations* (Isai. lx. 15.) The time is not yet come, when *violence shall no more be heard in their land, wasting and destruction within their borders* (18.) GOD's promises (Ezek. xxxviii. 21. 25. xxxix. 28, 29.) are not yet made good in their full extent ; however, what hath been already accomplished is a sufficient pledge and earnest of what is yet to come. We have seen the prediction of HOSEA, who prophesied before the captivity of the ten tribes of ISRAEL (iii. 4. 5) fulfilled in part, and why should not we believe that it will be fulfilled in the whole ?
 I. 137, 138.

This event will take place (NEWTON afterwards observes, II. 395, &c.) about the time of the fall of the *Othman* empire (denoted by Ezekiel's GOG and MAGOG) and of the *Christian* ANTICHRIST (referred to Dan. xi. 46. and xii. 7.) Then, in the full sense of the words, *shall the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our LORD, and of his CHRIST ; and He shall reign for ever and ever* (Rev. xi. 15.—See also xx. 4. &c. and Dan. vii. 26, 27.)

About the particulars of that kingdom our prudence and modesty are equally concerned to forbear inquiry ; as they are points which the HOLY SPIRIT hath not thought fit to explain, and of which the perfect comprehension may perhaps constitute a part of the happiness of that period.

When urg'd by pride the rash Apostate toil'd,
 With puny effort, so perchance to thwart
 MESSIAH's plan : Him hurl'd from central depths
 By arm divine the conglobated fire
 Repell'd 16, as oft his daring hand resum'd
 Th' abortive work. Whether (as some suppose
 In light conjecture) the prophetic song,
 Glittering with eastern metaphor, expect
 Its certain end in New JERUSALEM—
 Holiest of cities ; or (as others frame
 The surer inference, with scripture's voice
 Combining circumstance) shall in the Old
 Meet strict accomplishment : For still 17 they lack

16 Vid. JULIAN. Epist. xxv. ἰουδαίων τῷ κοινῷ.

Ambitiosum quoddam apud Hierosolymam templum, quod post multa et interneciva certamina obsidente VESPASIANO posteaque TITO agrè est expugnatum, instaurare sumptibus cogitabat immodicis :—Metuendi glubi flammarum propè fundamenta crebris assultibus erumpentes fecere locum, exussis aliquoties operantibus, inaccessum ; hocque modo elemento destitutus repellente, cessavit inceptum. AMM. MARCELL. xxiii. 1.

17 Vide HARTLEY's *Observations on Man*, p. II. iv. §. 2. Prop. clxxxii. where, besides these two arguments in favour of the RESTORATION of the JEWS to Palestine, viz.

Completion ; SHALMANESER's captives still,

Haply in *Arfareth* with frequent prayer

I. That the predictions have never yet been adequately fulfilled of any Jews ; and

II. That the *ten Tribes* or ISRAELITES, carried away captive by SHALMANESER (II Kings xviii. 2.) have never yet been restored at all, he alleges

III. That a *double* return seems to be foretold in several prophecies ;

IV. That the prophets, who lived *since* the return from *Babylon*, have predicted a return in terms similar to those who went *before* ; whence it follows that both classes must refer to some RESTORATION yet future ; and,

V. That the RESTORATION of the JEWS to their own land seems to be foretold also in the *New Testament*.

To these arguments, drawn from *prophecy*, he adds some concurrent evidences suggested by their *existing circumstances* :

1. That they are yet *distinct* from all the nations amongst which they reside ;

2. That they are to be found *dispersed* in all the countries of the known world ;

3. That, having no *inheritance of land* in any country, their property (money and jewels, &c.) admits of being easily transferred to *Palestine* ;

4. That they are treated with *contempt and cruelty* every where ;

5. That they *correspond* with one another throughout the world ;

6. That most of them, by the RABBINICAL HEBREW, have an *universal medium of communication* ; and,

7. That they still *hope* and *expect* themselves to be RESTORED.

This RESTORATION (he subjoins) may alarm mankind, and open their eyes ; while, by affording an opportunity of a careful survey of *Palestine*, it may prove the genuineness and divine authority of the Scriptures.

Solicit Heaven to guide their wandering foot
 To human haunt ¹⁸ : Still, though dispers'd, distinct—
 So GOD pronounc'd—by no mild offices
 Of *Gentile* courtesy attach'd abroad,
 With wealth unfasten'd to an alien soil,
 They still articulate *Judæa's* tones ;
 Still pant in patriot sympathy ; and still
 The hope of RESTORATION gilds the gloom
 Of present banishment : With brighter hues
 Glows the gay vision 'mid their long dark night,
 And borrows brilliance from surrounding shade.

PISTORIUS, a *Norwegian* (in his notes and additions to HARTLEY, i. p. 706. &c.) after expressing his doubts of the destruction of all the present powers of the earth " by a fifth Monarchy or Millennium," &c. proceeds to vindicate the expectation of a future general CONVERSION and gathering of the JEWS into the Church of CHRIST ; proving, by many incontestable arguments, that Rom. xi. 26. cannot be understood of a *spiritual* ISRAEL, or as having happened *long ago* : About their RESTORATION to *Palestine* he is less certain.

¹⁸ II Esdr. xiii. 40, 41. 45. &c.

And see ! They come ! Survey yon sweeping bands ;
Countless as *Persian* bowmen, who beset
Freedom exulting on her *Attic* rock ;
When *Asia* rous'd her millions to the war,
And sunk in all her pomp before the foe
Her vengeance fondly doom'd. With ranks as full,
But with more prosperous fates and purer joys
Than swell the warrior's breast, their destin'd march
The *HEBREWS* bend, from where *Hydaspes* rolls
His storied tide ; or cleave with holy prow
Th' *Atlantic* main, whose conscious surge revere
Its buoyant load. No *Spaniard* plunderers they,
Allur'd by gold (whom will not gold allure ?)
With dauntless foot to traverse new-found realms,
And plunge the wondering savage in the mine,
Where—guiltless then—the unsunn'd mischief slept :
No mad crusaders, by the *Roman* priest
Baptiz'd Invincible, with impious zeal
To combat *HALI*'s turban'd race ; and wade

A second time to *Palestine* through blood :
But call'd by GOD or from the western stream
Of *Plata*, or where *Ganges* pours his urn,
In love-knit league they throng. With guardian hand
MESSIAH, erst their nation's deadliest hate,
Guides the returning host ; and high in air
Waves the bright ensign of the Cross, that once
Led on th' Imperial Christian to the fight,
And to his shrinking legions gave the field.

Separate no more their tribes : His scepter'd pride
JUDAH resigns ; and LEVI's hallow'd sons
Renounce the ephod, prompt in earlier times
To purge the public stain : For now they own
Their SHILOH come ; nor longer, idly vain,
Assert the useless privilege of birth.

Then shall some patriot bard, to cheer their way,
With magic touch explore the trembling strings,

And breathe the sacred harmony around ;
While, with past solitude contrasting still
Present society (so sweeter deem'd)
He cheats the summer day of half its hours :
Oft, to the harp in tuneful concert join'd,
Swells the glad voice ; and oft, as on the ear
The music falls, they move in measur'd step
Responsive ; while the joyous sounds deceive
Their lifted foot, and steal it from its toil.

Then too, as bursts upon his age-worn sight
The dazzling blaze of prophecy fulfill'd,
Shall some rapt SIMEON raise the grateful song
And hail th' accomplishment : " LORD, now dismiss'd
" In peace thy servant sleeps ; his eyes have seen
" ISRAEL RESTOR'D, and all thy people blest'd."



GEORGE SMITH, THEATRICAL

THE
DESTRUCTION
OF
BABYLON.

THE AUTHOR'S

HE MAY BE ABLE TO RECOVER

HE MAY BE ABLE TO RECOVER

—Savior armis
Luxuria incubuit.—

Juv. Sat. vi. 292.

FOLLOWING POETICAL ATTEMPT

IS RESPECTFULLY

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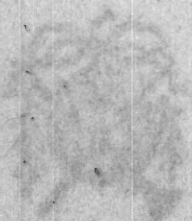
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TO
GEORGE SMITH, ESQUIRE,

AS A TOKEN

OF
ARGUMENT
GRATITUDE FOR FAVOURS

(AT ONCE GREAT AND SEASONABLE)

WHICH

THE AUTHOR FEARS

HE MAY NEVER BE ABLE TO ACKNOWLEDGE

IN ANY MORE EFFECTUAL MANNER,

THE
FOLLOWING POETICAL ATTEMPT

IS RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED.

ARGUMENT.

Exordium.—Time of the Destruction of BABYLON (seventy years after “the carrying away of the *Jews*”)—CYRUS conquers Sardis;—and diverts the *Euphrates*.—BELSHAZZAR’S Feast.—The army of *Medes* and *Persians*, under the conduct of two *Babylonians* (GOBRYAS and GADATAS) enters the city, along the channel of the river.—The capture—and present state of BABYLON.—Address to *Rome*,—and *London*.—Conclusion.

THE
DESTRUCTION
OF
BABYLON.

AND art Thou then for ever set ! Thy ray
No more to rise and gild the front of day,
Far-beaming : BABYLON ? Those massive gates,
Through which to battle rush'd a hundred states ;

¹ The classical reader will not be sorry to find a conjecture of the learned GILBERT WAKEFIELD, on the passage (Isai. xiv. 12.) whence this metaphor is taken, transcribed from his notes on VIRO. Georg. ii. 97. which reflects great credit upon his ingenuity and erudition.

“ — Thou that didst SUBDUE the nations ! ”

—Quâ proprietate de *stellâ matutinâ* prædicari potest, illam SUBIGERE nationes : Nos sanè—quibus *Hebræi textûs* (præsertim in *Prophetis* et *Hagiographiâ*) penè infinitas corruptiones, veterum versiones tractantibus, notare contigit—minimè dubitamus errorem sublatere, ab inverso literarum ordine (ut solet) profluentem ; quod minùs illi

That cloud-topt wall, along whose giddy height
 Cars strove with rival cars in fearless flight—
 What! Could not all protect thee? Ah! In vain
 Thy bulwarks frown'd defiance o'er the plain;
 Fondly in antient majesty elate
 Thou sat'st, unconscious of impending fate:
 Nor brazen gates, nor adamantine wall,
 Could save a guilty people from their fall.

Was it for this those wondrous turrets rose,
 Which taught thy feeble youth a scorn of foes?

mirabuntur, qui *L. Capelli* de his rebus librum evolverunt. Pro voce *חולש*, quæ nihili est, substituiimus *שלח* vel *שולח*, *mittens*, quæ *mittebas*; aut etiam *שליח*, *mittebaris*. *Τὸς δὲ* emendationis nostræ fautores tibi exhibemus, qui habent ὁ ἀποστέλλων εἰς πάντα τὰ ἔθνη: Hi igitur in exemplaribus suis legisse videntur *על כל נמים השלח*, qui *MITTEBAS per omnes gentes*. Ad hunc demum modum totam clausulam libentissimè refingeremus (et harum rerum æquos æstimatores fortiter appellamus; cæteros enim, in *Hebræis* literis planè hospites, nihil moramur nec nucis vitiosæ facimus)

השלח מורך על כל נמים

qui *LUCEM MITTEBAS per omnes gentes*.

Nihil elegantius, aut quod *Hebraicæ* poësis concinnitatem plenius sapiat: nihil denique *Prophetæ* maximè sublimi dignius, &c.

For this that earth her mineral stores resign'd;
And the wan artist, child of sorrow, pin'd :
Destin'd, as Death crept on with mortal stealth,
And the flush'd hectic mimick'd rosy health;
'Mid gasping crowds to ply th' incessant loom,
While morbid vapours linger'd in the gloom ?

Silent for seventy years, its frame unstrung,
On Syrian bough *Judæa's* harp had hung :
Deaf to their despots' voice, her tribes no more
Wak'd *Sion's* music on a foreign shore ;
But oft, his tide where broad *Euphrates* rolls,
Felt the keen insult pierce their patriot souls :
And still, as homeward turn'd the longing eye,
Gush'd many a tear and issued many a sigh.
Yet not for ever flows the fruitless grief !
CYRUS and Vengeance fly to their relief,

Mark where He comes, th' Anointed of the Lord!
And wields with mighty arm his hallow'd sword.
Reluctant realms their fullen homage pay,
As on the heaven-led hero bends his way :
Opposing myriads press the fatal plain,
And *Sardis* bars her two-leav'd brags in vain ;
Her secret hoards the hostile bands unfold,
And grasp with greedy joy the cavern'd gold.

Then to new fields they urge their rapid course,
And rebel states augment the swelling force :
Firm to their end 'mid scenes of rural love,
Unsoften'd by those scenes, the victors move :
And, as in lengthening line their ranks expand,
Spread wider ruin through the ravag'd land.

The azure day thus gathering clouds deform,
And gradual darkness speaks the coming storm :

Onward with deepen'd hue the tempest rolls,
With deepen'd burst the thunder rends the poles;
Near and more near the forky lightnings gleam,
While sudden torrents pour their turbid stream:
So its vast files the thickening phalanx joins,
And troop with troop in gloomier bond combines.

But BABYLON th' approaching war derides,
And shakes the harmless battle from her sides.
In vain the ram its vigorous shock applies;
The mines descend, th' assailing towers arise:
Till Treason comes the baffled chief to aid,
And briefer arts succeed the long blockade.

With hardy sinew *Persia's* labouring host
Wrest the huge river from his native coast;
And bid his flood its wonted track forego,
'Twixt other banks through lands unknown to flow.

The task is done ; and with obsequious tides
Euphrates follows, as a mortal guides :
His surgeless channel, now a pervious vale,
Invites the foot where navies spread the sail ;
And soon no barrier, but the eastern main,
Shall bound the conqueror's progress or his reign.

Thus, when from heaving *Ætna's* restless caves
Impetuous Fire precipitates his waves,
The flaming ruin rushes on the plain ;
And art and nature rear their mounds in vain.
Should some high-rampir'd town obstruct his course,
The red invader rises in his force :
Swells with dread increase o'er the adverse towers,
Then furious on the prostrate city pours ;
And scornful of the check, and proudly free,
Extends his blazing triumph to the sea :
With reflux stream the straiten'd billows flow,
And yield new regions to th' insatiate foe.

Yet naught devoted BABYLON alarms ;
Domestic treason, or a world in arms.
'Mid her gay palaces and festal bowers
Flutter'd in sportive maze the rose-crown'd hours :
Loud burst the roar of merriment around,
While wanton dance light tripp'd it o'er the ground ;
Echoed the song, and with voluptuous lay
The warbling lute beguil'd the soul away :
When, bent the long-drawn revelry to spy,
Hush'd in grim midnight Vengeance hover'd nigh.
Nor vain her care ; by wine's soft power subdued
The courtly troop with gladden'd eye she view'd :
The frantic mob in drunken tumult lost,
The drowsy foldier nodding at his post,
The gate unclos'd, the desert wall survey'd ;
And livid smiles her inward breast betray'd.

Quaff then, BELSHAZZAR—quaff, Imperial Boy,
The luscious draught and drain the maddening joy ;

To equal riot rouse thy languid board,
 And bid the Satrap emulate his Lord.
 With pencil'd lids ², the scandal of their race,
 Thy crowded halls a thousand princes grace :
 Ill on such legs the warrior greaves appear,
 Ill by such hands is grasp'd the deathful spear ;
 Fitter 'mid Syria's harlot train to move,
 And wage in safer fields the wars of love.
 Alternate rang'd (with faces not more fair,
 Nor hearts more soft) that harlot train is there :
 The virgin's wish her half-clos'd eyes impart,
 And blushless matrons boast th' adulterous heart ;

2 —κιεσμενημενον και οφθαλμων υπογραφη και χρωματος επιρρι-
 κ. τ. λ. XENOPH. K. Π. α.

Ambitiosam hanc ornatûs rationem gentes Orientales, in luxum effusiores, excogitarunt. Ita olim JEZEBELEM, ut regiam præ se ferret gravitatem, oculos fuco ornâsse legimus, II Reg. ix. 30. Ad quem locum LXXII. habent επιμμεισατο τις οφθαλμους, i. e. *sibi depinxit* : Hoc enim lapide ideò in pingendis oculis homines decoris nimium studiosi utebantur, quòd eos non nigravit tantùm sed etiam dilatavit : &c. (HUTCHINSON. ad loc.) —“Ob vim nempè astrin-
 “gendi (συνπιπν) contrahebat palpebras, et adeò oculos ipsos dilata-
 “bat.” ZEYV.

On ardent wing the rank contagion flies,
Sigh heaves to sigh and glance to glance replies.
Let these th' achievements of thy Gods rehearse,
Raise the lewd hymn and pour th' unholy verse;
Proceed! With sacrilege enhance thy wine!
Let the vase circle, torn from *Salem's* shrine.
Empire and wealth for thee unite their charms;
For thee bright beauty spreads her willing arms:
Who shall control thy raptures, or destroy?
Give then the night, the poignant night, to joy.

Ha! Why that start! Those horror-gleaming eyes!
That frozen cheek, whence life's warm crimson flies!
That lip, on which th' unfinish'd accents break!
Those hairs, erect with life! Those joints, that shake!
The wondrous hand, which stamps yon wall with flame,
Speaks the fear just that labours in thy frame;
As round it sheds self-mov'd the living ray,
Which mocks the lustre of thy mimic day.

Haste! Call thy seers; or, if their skill be vain,

Let DANIEL's art the threatful lines explain:

Haste! For the prophet bring the scarlet vest;

If so, seduc'd, his words may sooth thy breast.

Ah! no: That phantom with the style of fate

Inscribes the doom of thee, thy race, thy state.

In curses then, rash Youth, the hour upbraid;

When first, by pleasure's meteor beam betray'd,

From virtue's path thy heedless foot declin'd,

And whelm'd in fordid sense the devious mind.

In vain! Even now is wrought the deed of death:

This moment ends thy glories and thy breath!

Above, beneath thee feasts th' insatiate worm;

Completes the murderer's rage, and dissipates thy form.

See where, twin sons of Vengeance and Despair,

March GORYAS and GADATAS: Hold, rash pair;

'Tis parricide! Can nothing then atone

Your private wrongs, save BABYLON undone?

As monarchs smile or frown, shall patriot fire
 With docile fervour flourish or expire?
 No: When th' insulting *Mede* is at your gates,
 And your pale country shakes through all her states;
 For her your cherish'd enmity forego,
 To wreak its fury on the public foe:
 Renounce the hoarded malice of your breast,
 And only struggle—who shall serve her best.

Hark! 'Tis the cry of conquest! Full and clear
 Her giant voice invades the startled ear;
 With death's deep groans the shouts of triumph rise:
 The mingled clamour mounts the reddening skies.
 From street to street the flames infuriate pour,
 Climb the tall fane and gild the tottering tower:
 In cumbrous ruin sink patrician piles,
 And strew amid the dust their massive spoils;
 While, with stern forms dilating in the blaze,
 Danger and Terror swell the dire amaze.

Now yield those Gods, whom prostrate realms ador'd :
 Though Gods, unequal to a mortal sword !
 In awless state th' unworshipp'd idols stand,
 And tempt with sacred gold the plunderer's hand.

Now bend those groves, whose sloping bowers among
 The *Attic* warbler trill'd her changeful song :
 Their varied green where pensile gardens spread,
 And *Median* foliage lent its grateful shade :
 There oft, of courts and courtly splendour tir'd,
 The fragrant gale *Affyria's* 3 Queen respir'd ;
 With blameless foot through glades exotic rov'd,
 And hail'd the scenes her happier prime had lov'd.

3 " AMYITIS, the wife of NEBUCHADNEZZAR, having been
 " bred in *Media* (for she was the daughter of ASTYAGES, king
 " of that country) had been much taken with its mountainous and
 " woody parts, and therefore desired to have something like it at
 " BABYLON ; and, to gratify her herein, was the reason of erecting
 " this monstrous piece of vanity."

(PRIDEAUX's Conn. of Hist. of O. and N. Test. I. p. 102.
 For an account of these hanging gardens, the walls, tower, &c. of
 BABYLON, see *Id. ib.* pp. 94—105.

Now stoops that tower, from whose broad top the eye
Of infant Science pierc'd the midnight sky ;
First dar'd 'mid worlds before unknown to stray,
Scann'd the bright wonders of the milky way ;
And, as in endless round they whirl'd along,
In groups arrang'd and nam'd the lucid throng :
Nay, in their glittering aspects seem'd to spy
The hidden page of human destiny !
Vain all her study ! In that comet's glare,
Which shook destruction from its horrid hair,
Of her sage train deep-vers'd in stellar law
Not one his country's hapless fate foresaw ;
No heaven-read priest beheld the deepening gloom,
Or with prophetic tongue foretold her doom.

Vocal no more with pleasure's sprightly lay
Her fretted roofs shall BABYLON display ;
No more her nymphs in graceful band shall join,
Or trace with flitting step the mazy line :

But here shall Fancy heave the pensive sigh,
And moral drops shall gather in her eye ;
As 'mid her day-dreams distant ages rise,
Glowing with nature's many-colour'd dyes :
Resound the rattling car, th' innumerable feet,
And all the tumult of the breathing street ;
The murmur of the busy, idle throng ;
The flow of converse, and the charm of song 4 :—
Starting she wakes, and weeps as naught she sees
Save trackless marshes and entangled trees :
As naught she hears, save where the deathful brake
Rustling betrays the terrors of the snake ;
Save, of the casual traveller afraid,
Where the owl screaming seeks a dunger shade ;

4 Sir BROOK BOOTHBY in his Answer to BURKE, speaking of the reflections that will suggest themselves upon the view of *Versailles* in its present condition, has the following fine passage : " The silence " will be disturbed by sounds, that are no longer heard ; and the " solitude peopled by the brilliant forms, that shall no longer glide " over its polished floors."

Save where, as o'er th' unsteadfast fen she roves,
The hollow bittern shakes th' encircling groves.

Hear then, proud *Rome*, and tremble at thy fate!
The hour will come, nor distant is its date
(If right was caught the prophet's mystic strain,
Which aw-struck *Patmos* echoed o'er the main)
The hour, which holy arts in vain would stay,
That prone on earth thy gorgeous spires shall lay;
And, with their vain magnificence, destroy
Thy long illusion of imperial joy.

And thou, *Augusta*, hear "in this thy day;"
For once, like thee, lost BABYLON was gay:
With thee wealth's taint has seiz'd the vital part,
As once with her, and gangrenes at the heart.
Profusion, Avarice, flying hand in hand,
Scatter prolific poisons o'er the land;

The teeming land with noxious life grows warm,
 And reptile mischiefs on its surface swarm :—
 Like hers, or deaf or faithless to the vow
 Of honest passion are thy daughters now :
 With well-feign'd flame th' obedient maidens wed,
 If wealth or birth adorn the venal bed 5 ;

5 —“I understand that in this island of *Great Britain*, at the time
 “ I am now writing, *BIRTH* is the first virtue and *MONEY* the
 “ second : Some indeed may dispute the precedence ; but all will
 “ allow that one or both are *sine quâ nons*, without which virtue is
 “ not.” HERMSPRONG, II. p. 205.

The novel whence this description of female interestedness is
 taken, exhibiting *Man as he is not*, proceeds from the same pen
 which about four years ago produced *Man as he is* : They are both
 works of extraordinary merit. In this character even their “twenty
 thousand fair readers” (notwithstanding the above extract) will, I
 doubt not, feel themselves disposed by the innocent bribery of a
 more conciliating quotation to concur very cordially :

—“We are, like unhallowed satirists, involving in one promiscuous
 “ censure all the fair daughters of men. Let us be more just. They
 “ are our equals in understanding, our superiors in virtue : They
 “ have foibles, where men have faults ; and faults, where men have
 “ crimes : In the gaiety of conversation it may be allowed (and—
 “ the author might have added—in the fervour of poetry, of which
 “ Synecdoche is a principal figure) at least it will be assumed, to put
 “ the whole for a part, perhaps a small part ; but it would be wise in
 “ man, when he makes the errors of woman his contemplation, not
 “ to forget his own.” II. p. 175.

Then—ere a second moon, more fix'd than they,
 With changing beam the jointur'd brides survey—
 Madly they fly where appetite inspires,
 Dart the unhallow'd glance and burn with real fires.
 Thy fons like hers, a fickle fluttering train,
 Th' illustrious honours of their name profane ;
 Stake half a province on the doubtful die,
 And mark the fatal cast without a sigh :

For the subjoined sonnet on *THE CORRUPTION OF MANNERS*,
 which seems not inapposite to this place, I am indebted to the friend-
 ship of C. MARSH, Esq. of the *Temple*.

TYRANT of pomp, and pride ! Chill'd by whose sway
 Youth's blossoms fade ; and all that fancy wrought—
 The towering fabric of exalted thought ;
 And human mind, that cleaves to heaven its way :
 Thou smil'st, that *Britain's* nervous race decay ;
 Tho' once in virtue's brightest fields they fought,
 Tho' once their blood a nation's blessings bought :
 Now, the frail insects of a summer day,
 They fly regardless of the coming storms ;
 Those storms shall come ! Nurs'd in yon lurid sky
 Soon shall they sweep away the sickly forms,
 That now dissolv'd in perfum'd slumbers lie :
 Heedless alas ! that, while the sun-beam warms,
 The blast that chills their little lives is nigh.

Their heavier hours th' intemperate bowl beguiles,
Wakes the dull blood and lights lascivious smiles ;
Then in the stews they court th' impure embrace,
Drink deep disease and mar the future race.

Far other BRITONS antient *Gallia* view'd,
When her dead chiefs the plains of *Crecy* strew'd ;
Proud of such heroes, and by such rever'd,
In that blest age far other dames appear'd :
Blest age, return ; thy sternness soften'd down,
Charm with our better features and thine own !
Come ; but resign those glories of the field,
The gleaming falchion and the storied shield :
Renounce the towery menace of thy brow,
Which frown'd despair on vassal crowds below ;
And true to order, and of all the friend,
To varied rank unvarying law extend.
Ah ! In the snowy robe of Peace array'd,
Led by the Virtues of the rural shade,

Return ; and let advancing Time behold
Regenerate man, and other years of gold.

Then shall no feuds our triple realm divide,
No traitor point the dagger at its side ;
But each with patriot toils his hours shall crown,
And in the general welfare find his own.



Return; and let thyning Time behold

Regenerate man, and other years of gold.

Then shall no fends our rights again divide,

No traitor point the dagger at his side;

But each with patriot tolls his hours shall crown,

And in the general welfare find his own.



THE VILLAGE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD

OF CORHAM.

BY

SMALLER POEMS.

GRATITUDE

FOR THAT KINDNESS AND HOSPITALITY

WHICH

HAVE ALLEVIATED MY HEAVY

In tenui labor—

VIRG. Georg. iv. 6.

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

COMPOSED PRINCIPALLY WHILE I WAS CHAINED

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO THE AUTHOR

SMALLER POEMS

Is your father
V. Geo. W. G.

TO
THE VILLAGE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD
OF *COBHAM*,
SURRY;
AS A MEMORIAL
OF
GRATITUDE
FOR THAT KINDNESS AND HOSPITALITY,
WHICH
HAVE ALLEVIATED MANY HEAVY
AND EXHILARATED MANY CHEERFUL HOURS,
THE FOLLOWING POEMS
(COMPOSED PRINCIPALLY WITHIN THEIR CIRCLE)
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

TO
THE VILLAGE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD

OF COBHAM,

SURREY,

AS A MEMORIAL

Tempore quo primùm vestis mihi tradita pura est,

Jucundum cùm ætas florida ver ageret ;

Multa fatis lusi : non est Dea nescia nostris,

Quæ dulcem curis miscet amaritiem.

CATULL. lvi. 15.

AND EXHIBITED MANY CHEERFUL MOURS

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

(COMPOSED PRINCIPALLY WITHIN THEIR CIRCLE)

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

11

THE AUTHOR.

SMALLER POEMS.

25

“MUCH on my early youth I love to dwell,”*

When by my father's side, a stripling boy,
I pac'd with steps unequal, fain to tell

Of some new-practis'd game, some new-bought toy:

How oft with bliss, which later days deny,

My prattling tongue its story would repeat!

If chance he smil'd, and he would smile, how high

With blameless pride my filial heart would beat!

O for those hours of extasy again,

Which thus on life's sweet prime their lustre shed!—

The radiant season I invite in vain

With second beam to gild my orphan head:

It comes not twice. Nor boots it to repine;

I with his ashes soon may mingle mine.

* From Poems by S. T. COLERIDGE, a man of extraordinary talents and acquirements; mais, ce qui arrive assez souvent au génie, un peu romanesque.

HUSH'D be the mind's loud tempest! Heart, be still!

Long hast thou throbb'd too strongly for my peace:

Now let the bosom-rending tumult cease;

For I have drain'd (it was my Maker's will)

Sorrow's deep bowl. The fond paternal eye

These hands have clos'd: This tongue has bade farewell

To its first friend; while torn by many a sigh

My breast has ach'd, as still its thoughts would dwell

With other days: Ah! Dearly was that friend

Belov'd; he knew it too, and yet he fled.

This heart has for a worthless woman bled,

Whom not her vows from falsehood could defend:

Who shall with me in misery contend;

Me—to whom father, mistress, all are dead?

Gap between p 56 & 65

See 2nd page
of "advertisement"

nothing missing

BY PERMISSION.

WITH rapid wing our fairest years move on :

I sigh, my MYRA, as again I sing—

Our fairest years move on with rapid wing,

'Till all the loveliness of life is gone.

Few are our joys, and fleeting ; ere they fly,

Seize their brief grace : Not distant is the date

(Trust me, dear maid) when even thy bloom shall die,

When even thy beauty must submit to fate :

Too soon that "eye's blue languish" will expire ;

And mute too soon will sleep that tuneful tongue,

On whose soft sounds entranc'd attention hung,

As with its melody it sham'd the lyre.

Then ah! my MYRA, ere those charms decay,

Give them to love: Even now they pass away!*

* To Mr. J. W. TOBIN I owe the privilege of inserting the following Anacreontic, on the subject of the above verses.

To a Lady, who declared that she would never marry.

SAY, shall yon myrtle idly bloom;

And none inhale its soft perfume?

Shall no one from thy rosy lip

The honey'd dew of Hybla sip?

Shall ne'er the sigh of fond desire

The wishes, which it breathes, inspire?

Oh! hear the melancholy truth—

That from thy cheek the glow of youth,

And from thine eye the magic ray

With every beauty hastes away;

That age and wrinkles soon will come,

And call thee to the silent tomb.

Then seize, O seize the fleeting hour,

Snatch all the bliss within thy power:

And, since so soon we cease to live,

To love the transient moments give.

S O N G.

I.

SAY, fond lover, is thy mind
 By the gentle Muse refin'd?
 Haft thou skill to strike the lyre
 With thine own APOLLO's fire?—
 Think not so the maid to move;
 Hopeless is a Poet's love:
 Rich and high-born dotards tear
 From thine arms the venal fair.

II.

Haply health's unborrow'd hues
 O'er thy cheek their bloom diffuse;
 And thy graceful limbs outvie
 Phidian forms in symmetry:—
 Ah! To *Albion's* fordid train
 Youth and beauty sue in vain:
 Rich and high-born dotards tear
 From thine arms the venal fair.

III.

Though the Muse inspire thy breast ;

On thy face though wonder rest,

Wildly gazing ; and thy frame

Rival *Gracia's* proudest fame ;—

Sigh unheard, unpitied pine,

If nor rank nor wealth be thine :

Rich and high-born dotards tear

From thine arms the venal fair.

EPIGRAMS.

Οὐ το μέγα εὐ ἐστὶ, τὸ δὲ εὐ μέγα.

I.

Ἄν μιν “ἐπὶ νιφιδεσσὶν ποικότα χειμεριῖσι*,”

ΜΑΚΡΟΦΙΑΒΕ, σοὶ ᾄδει, ἢκ Ἐπιγραμμάτων ᾄδει.

“Παύρα γὰρ ἀλλὰ μάλα λιγέως†” Ἐπιγραμμάτων ἴκη,·

Καὶ μεγαλ’ ἀθλα λίαν τυῖθα περ οὐτ’ ἐλάβον·

Εἴθ’ εἴην Μενελαὸς ἐγώ, σὺ δὲ διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς,

Ὡς ἂν ἐμοὶ Γραντὴ χρευστὰ δῶρα φέροι.

* HOM. II. Γ. 222.

† ID. ib. 214.

II.

Perlegit *Eutrapelus* libros malè sedulus omnes,

Nec grave sopito corpore cessat opus;

Scilicet in somnis sibi nocte videtur eisdem

Volvere, quos longâ volverat antè die:

Definat infelix, magnis neu perftet in ausis;

Et, multa ut possit discere, pauca legat.

CANTABRIGÆ, in Comitiiis Maximis,
Jul. 1787.

—Deus crudeliùs urit,
Quos videt invitos succubuisse sibi.

TIBULL. I. viii. 7.

WHEN first the firen Beauty's face

My wandering eye survey'd ;

Unmov'd I saw each fraudulent grace,

That 'round th' enchantress play'd :

And still, with careless mien elate,

Defied the *Paphian's* wile ;

As ambush'd in a look he fate,

Or couch'd beneath a smile :

And still to rove I madly vow'd

Along the dangerous way,

Secure—where other boasters bow'd

Before the tyrant's sway.

TRANSLATED
BY A FRIEND.

LUMINA cùm primùm (memini) juvenilia strinxit

Virgineo quicquid ludit in ore decus,

Tutus ab illecebris veneres mirabar inermes :

A nobis famam nulla puella tulit.

Hinc animo audaci nimiùm vultuque superbo

Spernebam *Paphii* mollia tela Dei ;

Seu roseo infidias struxit malè fidus in ore,

Seu rifus inter retia textit Amor.

Sæpè quidem dixi, fallacis nescius auræ,

Me tutò angustam posse tenere viam :

Imprudens nimiùm ! qui me tam sæpè negavi,

Cætera qui vincit, vincere posse Deum.

Nor learn'd my breast to heave the sigh,
 Or pour the secret heart ;
 'Till MYRA from her beamy eye
 Dispatch'd th' unerring dart :

" Fly, fatal shaft" (with cruel zeal
 The conscious murderers cried)
 " And teach yon haughty boy to feel
 " The anguish due to pride."

To sooth the soul-subduing pain
 Awhile I fondly strove ;
 But combated, alas ! in vain,
 Th' omnipotence of love.

Then ah ! at length, stern power, forbear ;
 Thy wrath at length forego :
 Enough my youth has felt of care,
 Enough has tasted woe ;

Nam neque adhuc nôram tristes profundere questus,

Nec nôram querulæ tangeré fila lyraë;

Cùm MIRA ex oculis, *Phæbi* fulguris instat;

Misit vindictæ tela ministra suæ:

“ I, fuge (fatalis clamavit conscia plagæ)

“ I, pete (ait) durum, fida sagitta, latus.

“ Hinc tandem, hinc discat nostrî contemptor oportet

“ Quæ sint fœmineâ vulnera missa manu.”

Pectoris ut sævos possem sanare dolores,

Tentavi medicâ quicquid in arte fuit;

Sed frustrâ petii duro me opponere morbo,

Ah! medicâ non est arte fugandus Amor.

Improbe, parce, puer, pennato sternere ferro;

In me fatales define ferre minas:

Præteritos egi non tam feliciter annos;

Experta est varias nostra juvena vices.

Or if, ordain'd by stubborn fate,

I drag th' eternal chain ;

Doom'd, as I bend beneath its weight,

To court relief in vain :

To MYRA equal toil impart,

On her thy pang bestow ;

Thrill with love's agony her heart,

And bid her suffer too.

Sin, quæ dispensant mortalia fila, sorores

Imposito prohibent solvere colla iugo;

Si me fata jubent æternam ferre catenam,

Nec prodest votis sollicitâsse Deos—

Tu saltèm MIRÆ parilem, puer, incute plagam;

Languescat, quæso, vulnere nympha pari:

Hæc quoque cognoscat quid sit succumbere amori,

Transadigatque animas una sagitta duas.

Queritis, unde mihi toties scribantur amores ?

Unde meus veniat mollis in ora liber ?

Non mi *Calliope*, non hæc mihi cantat *Apollo* ;

Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit.

PROPERT. II. i. 1.

BY many sorrows pierc'd before,

In early youth I bow'd ;

Nor least the pang my bosom bore,

When love's first fury glow'd :

'Till her harsh medicine Despair,

Severely kind, apply'd ;

Tugg'd at the shaft with friendly care,

And wrung it from my side :

Stern is her art, but sure to heal

Love's woes (those woes abound !)

If memory with officious zeal

Vex not the closing wound.

And shall again insidious Hope

With firen voice beguile ?

Twice must I with the terrors cope,

That throng a woman's smile ?

Upon that fair and faithless main,

Where my young heart was toft,

Shall I embark—to be again

In second ruin lost ?

O yes. I reckon not, let it come ;

Love's tempest I defy :

With conscious rashness court my doom,

And dare—although I die.

HENDECASYLLABI.

AD BRUNTONAM

è *Gratiâ* exituram.

NOSTRI præsidium et decus theatri,

O tu *Melpomenes* severioris

Certè filia ! Quam decore formæ

Donavit *Cytherea* ; quam *Minerva*

Duxit per dubiæ vias juventæ,

Per plausus populi periculosos,

Nec lapsam—precor ô nec in futurum

Lapsuram :—fatis at *Camæna* dignis

Quæ te commemoret modis ? Acerbos

Seu proferre *MONIMIÆ* dolores,

Frater cum vetitos (nefas !) ruebat

In fratris thalamos parùmque casto

Vexabat pede ; five *JULIETTÆ*

Lustantes odio paterno amores

TRANSLATED

BY A FRIEND.

MAID of unboastful charms! whom white-rob'd Truth

Right onward guiding through the maze of youth,

Forbade the Circe Praise to witch thy soul ;

And dash'd to earth th' intoxicating bowl :

Thee meek-ey'd Pity, eloquently fair,

Clasp'd to her bosom with a mother's care ;

And, as she lov'd thy kindred form to trace,

The slow smile wander'd o'er her pallid face.

For never yet did mortal voice impart

Tones more congenial to the sadden'd heart :

Whether, to rouse the sympathetic glow,

Thou pourest lone MONIMIA's tale of woe ;

Or haply cloathest with funereal vest

The bridal loves that wept in JULIET's breast.

Mavis fingere : te sequuntur Horror,
 Arrestusque comas Pavor ; vicissim
 In fletum populus jubetur ire,
 Et suspiria personant theatrum.

Mox diviniore nitescis,atrix
 Altoris vigil et parens parentis :
 At non *Græcia* sola vindicabit
 Paternæ columen decusque vitæ
 Natam ; restat item patri *Britanno*
 Et par *EUPHRASIE* puella *, quamque
 Ad scenam pietas tulit paternam.

O *BRUNTONA*, citò exitura virgo
 Et visu citò subtrahenda nostro,
 Breves delicias dolorque longus !

* Quippe quæ (clausis in urbe, ob Ducis *Cambriensis* mortem, theatris) in arenam municipalem, ubi pater tunc temporis ludos scenicos edebat, descendere non erubuerit.

O'er our chill limbs the thrilling Terrors creep,
Th' entranced Passions their still vigil keep;
While the deep sighs, responsive to the song,
Sound through the silence of the trembling throng.

But purer raptures lighten'd from thy face,
And spread o'er all thy form an holier grace;
When from the daughter's breasts the father drew
The life he gave, and mix'd the big tear's dew.

Nor was it thine th' heroic strain to roll
With mimic feelings foreign from the soul:
Bright in thy parent's eye we mark'd the tear;
Methought he said, "Thou art no Actress here!
"A semblance of thyself the *Grecian* dame,
"And BRUNTON and EUPHRASIA still the same!"

Gressum fiste parumper, oro; teque
 Virtutesque tuas lyrâ fonandas
 Tradet *Granta* fuis vicissim alumniis.

CANTABRIGIÆ, III. Cal. 08. MDCCXC.

O soon to seek the city's busier scene,
 Pause thee awhile, thou chaste-ey'd maid serene !
 'Till *Granta's* sons from all her sacred bowers
 With grateful hand shall weave *Pierian* flowers
 To twine a fragrant chaplet round thy brow,
 Enchanting minstrels of virtuous woe ! *

* This translation was sent to Miss BRUNTON, sister of the lady (Mrs. MERRY) who is the subject of the original verses, with the following lines, which I shall be excused for inserting :

That darling of the Tragic Muse—

When WRANCHAM sung her praise,

THALIA lost her rosy hues

And sicken'd at his lays :

But transient was th' unwonted sigh ;

For soon the Goddess 'spied

A sister form of mirthful eye,

And danc'd for joy and cried :

" Meek Pity's sweetest child, proud dame,

" The fates have given to you !

" Still bid your Poet boast her name ;

" I have my BRUNTON too."

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene and be what they behold;—
 For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age:
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our Author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
 In pitying love we but our weakness shew,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:

PROLOGUS.

UT fensus tragicâ excitaret arte,

Mores fingeret, ingenique venam

Ditaret; foret unde, quod videbat,

Gens humana; sibi que fisa virtus

Scenas conscia permearet omnes;—

Primum sustinuit gravi cothurno

Suras *Melpomene* indui, et ciere

Cunctorum lacrymas: truce tyrannus

Adspectum posuit, genasque furtim

Non suo obstupuit madere fletu.

W ho hates him green, and does not wish to bleed?

Even when you notice him, you do not care.

Vulgari refugit Poeta plectro

Heroum canere arma (quippe tristis

Vices ambitio suas meretur)

Imbelli neque plorat usque questu

Amores juvenumque virginumque;

Hic fons nobilior: CATO ipse quales

He bids your breasts with antient ardour rise,
And calls forth *Roman* drops from *British* eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws;
What PLATO thought, and godlike CATO was :
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys;
A brave man, struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While CATO gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud CÆSAR 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Shew'd *Rome* her CATO's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's reverend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd and the day o'ercast;

Fudit pro patriâ ruente, Noster
Educit lacrymas ; furore prisco
Accenditque animos, genamque guttis
Romanis docet imbui Britannam.
Virtus scilicet hîc videnda formâ
Humanâ ! Hîc *PLATO* mente quod creavit,
CATO quod fuit ! En, quod ipse Divûm
Rex spectaculum amaverit, procellis
Luctantem patriæ virum ; cadentemque,
Hæc cum concideret ! Suis *CATONEM*
Dantem jura, quis haud amore flagrat,
Ut vidit, patriæ ? quis haud agenti
Plaudit ? quis simul et mori, gementem
Quicumque audiit, haud avet ? Triumphat
Dum *CÆSAR* spolia inter, atque victos
Ostentat populo duces (superbæ
Heu ! mentis nimium impotensque fastûs)
Turba ut fortè fui *CATONIS* ire

The triumph ceas'd : Tears gush'd from every eye ;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by :
Her last good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
And honour'd CÆSAR's less than CATO's sword.

Britons, attend : Be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd CATO view'd
Rome learning arts from *Greece*, whom she subdued ;
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On *French* translation and *Italian* song :
Dare to have sense yourselves. Assert the stage ;
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
Such plays alone should please a *British* ear,
As CATO's self had not disdain'd to hear.

POPE.

Cernunt effigiem; dies tenebris

Visa horrescere publicisque pompa

Defleri lacrymis : canente nullâ

Io voce Triumphæ, victor orbis

Solus secum ovat : ultimum suorum

Mavult *Roma* dolere; *CÆSAR*ique

Minor gloria quam fuit *CATONI*.

Hunc tu foveris : hic tuos, *Britanni*

Quisquis nomine gaudeas, moveto

Plausus. Non potuit *CATO* ille Major

Urbem ferre scientiâ inquinatam

Gracâ ; *Gallica* nos satis theatra,

Fractæque ex *Italo* ore cantilenæ

Ceperunt ; sapiat sibi, atque scena

Æstu jam patrio fremit : *Britannis*

Isthæc fabula convenit, severus

Quam non ipse *CATO* audiens ruberet.

SONG.

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be

That boast'ft to love as well as me;

And, if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,

Come hither and thy flame approve :

I'll teach thee what it is to love,

And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears,

To live upon a smile for years, *

To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet ;

To kneel, to languish, to implore,

And still—though she disdain—adore :

It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

* SHAKSPEARE has given us similar characteristics of this passion :

It is to be made all of sighs and tears;——

It is to be all made of faith and service;——

It is to be made all of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty and observance ;

IMITATED.

I.

FERRE parem nostris qui te, puer, ignibus ignem

Jactas—*si* caleat quis tamen igne pari;

Infelix, tua vota refer: referam ipse vicissim,

Quid sit Amor; pateat qualibus ille notis.

II.

Est—unum in totos risum depascier annos;

Est—solvi in lacrymas; fundere vota, preces:

Ante pedes semper volvi et languere puellæ;

Si fugit illa, sequi—sic cupere usque sequi.

All humbleness, all patience and impatience;

All purity, all trial, all observance.

AS YOU LIKE IT, act v. sc. 2.

In a French writer we find a parallel description:

Par son respect l'Amour vrai se declare;

C'est lui qui craint, qui se fuit, qui s'egare;

Qui d'un regard fait son suprême bien,

Désire tout, prétend peu, n'ose rien †.

† Brama assai, poco spera, nulla chiede.

Le Tasse.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprise—
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear,
As wretches feel who wait their doom;
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Though but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost,
Though Heaven and earth thy wishes cross'd;
Though she were bright as fainted queens above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet—if thou dar'st not hope—thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurse strange thoughts and groundless fears;
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
Though she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
O never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

III.

Est—in virgineo defixum hæere obtutu ;

Pectora dum cohibet (ceu peritura) timor,

Ne quâ fortè procax vel ab imo corde fufurrus

Auriculas stringat commaculetque genas.

IV.

Est—spe dimiffâ, non desperare ; resistant

Si votis homines, fi Deus ipse, tuis :

Illa licèt Venerem superet, tuque infimus, acris

Ni te spes foveat—non tibi notus Amor.

V.

Est—lacrymas inter gaudere, et gaudia luctu

Miscere ; est pactâ contremere usque fide :

Namque licèt castâ fit castior illa Dianâ,

Ni sic horrueris—non tibi notus Amor.

If, when the darling maid is gone,
 Thou dost not seek to be alone
 Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;
 And muse and fold thy languid arms,
 Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
 Thou dost not love—for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share,
 But those which love has planted there,
 Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall;
 Thou never yet his power hast known:
 Love sits on a despotic throne,
 And reigns a tyrant*—if he reigns at all.

Now, if thou art so lost a thing,
 Hither thy tender sorrows bring;
 And prove, whose patience longest can endure:
 We'll strive whose fancy shall be toils'd
 In dreams of fondest passion most;
 For, if thou thus hast lov'd, oh! never hope a cure.

MRS. BARBAULD.

* "The divine right of BEAUTY is the only one an *Englishman*
 "ought to acknowledge, and a PRETTY WOMAN the only tyrant he
 "is not authorised to resist." JUN.

VI.

Dumque absit—ni percupias tecum esse, viasque

Sæpiùs ambiguas incommitatus eas—

Nescio quid tenerum meditans et totus in illud,

Quicquid id est, raptus—non tibi notus Amor.

VII.

Sique tuum pectus contingat spesve metusve,

Quæ tibi non dederit blandus et asper Amor ;

Hinc procul, erro levis! nondum urere: cuncta tyrannus

Nam regit imperio, cùm regit, iste fero.

VIII.

Atqui si fueris, puer, ah ! tam perditus, adfis ;

Ut, quid uterque gemit, discere uterque queat :

Quisquis enim quamcunque ita perditè amaveris, unquam

(Crede) medela mali non erit ulla tui.

I M P R O M P T U ;

Spoken between the third and fourth acts of Mrs. COWLEY's
Tragedy, entitled *THE FALL OF SPARTA*.

So great thy art—that, while we view'd

Of SPARTA's sons the lot severe,

We caught the *Spartan* fortitude ;

And saw their woes—without a tear.

PARSONS.

L I N E S

Addressed to LADY MILLER, on the Urn at *Bath-Easton*.

MILLER, the Urn in antient times ('tis said)

Held the collected ashes of the dead ;

So thine, the wonder of these modern days,

Stands open night and day for lifeless lays :

Leave not unfinish'd then the well-form'd plan,

Complete the work thy classic taste began ;

And oh ! in future, ere thou dost inurn 'em,

Remember first to raise a pile—and burn 'em.

JEKYLL.

IMITATED.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,

Quale sopor fessis:—

VIRG. Ecl. v. 45.

DURA nimis SPARTÆ pingis dum fata ruentis,

Stratosque ostendis, corpora magna, duces;

Virtutem nosmet spectando haurimus et ipsi

Spartanam,—inque genas lacryma nulla cadit.

IMITATED.

OSSA prius veterum, sic dicitur, Urna recepit;

Versus exsangues nunc eadem Urna capit:

Adde, operi solum id restat quod deficit, ignem:

Quique cremet versus, sit (precor) antè rogus.

ILS ne sont plus ces jours délicieux,
 Où mon amour respectueux et tendre
 A votre cœur savoit se faire entendre ;
 Où vous m'aimiez, où nous étions heureux !

Vous adorer, vous le dire et vous plaire,
 Sur vos desirs régler tous mes desirs—
 C'étoit mon sort, j'y bernois mes plaisirs ;
 Aimé de vous, quels vœux pouvois-je faire ?

Tout est changé : quand je suis près de vous,
 Triste et sans voix vous n'avez rien à dire ;
 Si quelquefois je tombe à vos genoux,

Vous m'arrêtez avec un froid sourire,
 Et dans vos yeux s'allume le courroux.

Il fut un tems (vous l'oubliez peut-être ?)

Où j'y trouvois cette molle langueur,
 Ce tendre feu que le desir fait naître,
 Et qui survit au moment de bonheur.
 Tout est changé, tout—excepté mon cœur !

TRANSLATED.

FLED is that season of delight,

In which my heart from morn 'till night

Its simple story joy'd to tell ;

And you would smile, and—all was well.

To love, and in your offer'd ear

Breathe (not unheard) the hope-mix'd fear—

Such was my happy lot of yore ;

Such lot, alas ! is mine no more.

Now all is chang'd ; if at your feet

My tender passion I repeat,

With dull cold tone you bid me rise ;

While anger flashes from your eyes.

Those eyes once Love and young Desire

With softer radiance could inspire :

Mild lustre once their orbs could dart ;

Now all is chang'd—except my heart !

ON LEAVING A FAVOURITE RESIDENCE.

———, farewell! And with thee too adieu,
 Joys left as soon as tasted! They are gone,
 Even like some pleasant dream by hasty dawn
 Scar'd from the lover's pillow: Fast they flew,

 And long will they be absent. I meanwhile,
 Sooth'd by the memory of the white-arm'd maid,
 With whom among thy moonlight scenes I stray'd,
 With melancholy minstrelsy beguile

 The lonely hour. But me whate'er betide,
 Whether on life's tempestuous ocean tost
 Hopeless I view the still-retiring coast,
 Or my young bark propitious *Tritons* guide

 Through smiling seas—on Her may prosperous fate,
 With its long train of changeless raptures, wait!

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

GROVES, that of late I lov'd so well, adieu!

Dear to my soul, accept its parting sigh:

Yet oft shall Memory your lost shades review,

Still shall you flourish to her faithful eye.

There was a time when through your bowers to rove,

And with untutor'd fingers touch the lyre;

My breast unvisited of other love,

Than such as PHŒBUS and his train inspire,

Delighted me. Ah! Time of bliss, return

With healing on thy wings!—In vain I cry:

Destin'd in hopeless misery to mourn,

In vain I roam beneath another sky;

And 'mid new scenes the fugitive explore,

For joy shall solace this sad heart no more.

WRITTEN AT MATLOCK.

∫ **MATLOCK**, as through thy cliff-sprung woods I rove,

(Still pausing, while I muse on Youth's brief day:

How fast his little raptures fleet away;

How oft his heart, that seat of faithful love,

Is doom'd to love in vain) my anguish'd mind

Sighs to behold in spiral eddies round

Thy foliage, scatter'd by the wild Northwind,

With faded verdure strew the fallow ground.

—But 'tis the season's wreck: Not unforeseen,

The deepening tempest howls in Autumn's ear;

Me the storm blasted, ere I learn'd to fear

Its fatal rage, while yet my leaf was green:

Scarce had my *May* begun her soft career,

When stern *December* clos'd the hasty year.

SONG.

IN times so long past (though I still am but young) **W**

That I scarcely their transports can trace,
Enraptur'd I caught the soft lisp of thy tongue;
And totter'd—for then I but totter'd—along,
To clasp thee in *childish* embrace.

As we grew up together, each day I beheld,
With feelings unkindled before,
Thy yesterday's beauties by new ones excell'd;
Nor, *boy* as I was, from those beauties withheld
My heart :—Could I offer thee more?

Even now, when the fever of *youth* is gone by,
And I glow with more temperate fire,
Delighted I dwell on thy soul-beaming eye;
And, heaving perhaps still too ardent a sigh,
Survey thee with chasten'd desire.

Oh ! come then and give me, dear Maiden, thy charms ;
For life is alas ! on the wing :
Our summer ere long will be fled ; In these arms
Let me shield thee, my Fair One, from winter's alarms :
Oh ! listen to love, while 'tis spring.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY,
WITH A PRINT OF CORNELIA.

WHEN *Rome* was yet in antient virtue great,
Ere tyrant CÆSARS had unnerv'd the state;
Proud of her toilette's wealth, a modish Fair
The costly hoard to fam'd CORNELIA bare:
And, having press'd it on her cold survey,
With conscious triumph claim'd a like display.
Soon as from school her boys, the GRACCHI, came;
"Behold my jewels (cried the happy Dame)
"These are the gems a mother most should prize;
"These glitter brightest to maternal eyes."
Her inmost soul confounded at the view,
The self-admonish'd visitant withdrew.

Such were the matrons virtuous *Rome* admir'd:
From such sprang patriots who, by toils untir'd,
Even to the last despotic sway defied;
And, vanquish'd in the noble conflict—died.
One such I could, but may not name (for she,
Blind to herself, would deem it flattery)
One who, CORNELIA-like, each hour employs
Sweet labour 'mid the sphere of filial joys:
To courtiers leaves exhausted *India's* store
And, rich in living diamonds, asks no more

TRANSLATED.

CORNELIA.

EXPERTA nondum CÆSARUM tyrannidem,
Romana stabat res; eratque adhuc fui
 Urbs domina, cunctas quæ subegerat manu;
 Matrona cum gemmas, superba ostendere
 Quas habuit ipsa quippè opes, CORNELIA
 Tulit videndas: Has at illa paululùm
 Oculo irretorto rigidisque laudibus
 Dignata, filios ut è ludo domum
 Cernit reverbos—' En *mihi* caros (sunt)
 " Solùm lapillos! Nulla matrem tam juvat
 " Conspecta gemma, quàm sibi quas ipsamet
 " Parit." Reprênsa his vocibus matrona abit.

Talesque *Roma*, dum manebat libera,
 Suspexit usque scæminas; quæ filios
 Peperêre GRACCHOS, strenuos ob patriam
 Pugnare pro patriâque item fortes mori.

Talemque ego hodiè nominare scæminam
 Possem (sed illa fors vetaret) quæ suis
 Impendit omnes prisca ceu CORNELIA,
 Natis labores; gemmulisque cæteræ
 Turbæ relitis, ipsa opes vivas habet.

QUAND l'AMOUR naquit à *Cythere*,

On intrigua dans le pays ;

VENUS dit, " Je suis bonne mere ;

" C'est moi, qui nourrirai mon fils."

Mais l'AMOUR malgré son jeune age,

Trop attentif à tant d'appas,

Préferoit le vase au breuvage ;

Et l'enfant ne profitoit pas.

" Ne faut pas pourtant qu'il pâtisse :"

Dit **VENUS**, parlant à sa cour ;

" Que la plus sage le nourrisse :

" Songez toutes, que c'est l'AMOUR."

WHEN LOVE was born of heavenly line,

What dire intrigues disturb'd *Cythera's* joy!

Till *VENUS* cried, "A mother's heart is mine;

"None but myself shall nurse my boy."

But, infant as he was, the child

In that divine embrace enchanted lay;

And, by the beauty of the vase beguil'd,

Forgot the beverage—and pin'd away.

"And must my offspring languish in my sight?

(Alive to all a mother's pain,

The Queen of Beauty thus her court address'd)

"No: Let the most discreet of all my train

"Receive him to her breast:

"Think all, he is the God of young delight."

Alors la CANDEUR, la TENDRESSE,

La GAÏTÉ vinrent s'offrir ;

Et même la DELICATESSE :

Nulla n'avoit de quoi le nourrir.

On penchoit pour la COMPLAISANCE,

Mais l'enfant eût été gâté :

On avoit trop d'expérience,

Pour songer à la VOLUPTÉ.

Enfin de ce choix d'importance

Cette cour ne decida rien :

Quelqu' une proposa l'ESPERANCE,

Et l'enfant s'en trouva fort bien.

On pretend que la JOUISSANCE,

Qui croyoit devoir le nourrir,

Jalouse de la preference,

Guettoit l'enfant pour s'en saisir.

Then **TENDERNESS**, with **CANDOUR** join'd,

And **GAIETY** the charming office sought ;

Nor even **DELICACY** stay'd behind :

But none of those fair **Graces** brought

Wherewith to nurse the child—and still he pin'd.

Some fond hearts to **COMPLIANCE** seem'd inclin'd ;

But she had surely spoil'd the boy :

And sad experience forbade a thought

On the wild Goddess of **VOLUPTUOUS JOY**.

Long undecided lay th' important choice,

Till of the beauteous court, at length, a voice

Pronounc'd the name of **HOPE** :—The conscious child

Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.

'Tis said, **ENJOYMENT** (who averr'd

The charge belong'd to her alone)

Jealous that **HOPE** had been preferr'd,

Laid snares to make the babe her own.

Prenant les traits de l'INNOCENCE,

Pour berceuse elle vint s'offrir ;

Et la trop credule ESPERANCE

Eut le malheur d'y consentir.

Un jour advint que l'ESPERANCE,

Voulant se livrer au sommeil,

Remit à la fausse INNOCENCE

L'enfant jusqu'à son reveil.

Alors la trompeuse Déesse

Donna bonbons à pleines mains ;

L'enfant d'abord fut dans l'ivresse,

Et mourut bientôt sur son sein.

ANON.

Of INNOCENCE the garb she took,
The blushing mien, and downcast look ;
And came her services to proffer :
And HOPE (what has not HOPE believ'd !)
By that seducing air deceiv'd,
Accepted of the offer.

It happen'd that, to sleep inclin'd,
Deluded HOPE for one short hour
To that false INNOCENCE's power
Her little charge consign'd.

The Goddeſs then her lap with ſweetmeats fill'd ;
And gave, in handſuls gave, the treacherous ſtore :
A wild delirium firſt the infant thrill'd ;
But ſoon upon her breaſt he ſunk—to wake no more.

WORDSWORTH.

FINIS.

Of innocence the garb she took;
The blushing mien, and downcast look;
And came her services to proffer:
And Hope (what has not Hope believ'd!)
By that seducing air deceiv'd.

LATELY PUBLISHED

BY

THE SAME AUTHOR,

ROME IS FALLEN!
To that false innocence's power
Deceiv'd Hope for one short hour
It happen'd that, **ROMANUS**

Her little charge convinc'd.

SERMON.

The Goddess then her lap with sweetmeats fill'd;
And gave, in handlets gave, the treacherous store:
A wild delirium o'er the infant thrill'd;
But soon upon her breast he sunk—to wake no more.

WORDSWORTH.

